

And glowing passions bent on aught below
 Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
 And anguish after rapture how severe!
 Rapture? bold man! who tempts the wrath divine
 By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste;
 Whilst here presuming on the rights of heaven.
 For transport dost thou call on every hour,
 LORENZO? at thy friend's expense be wise:
 Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
 A broken reed at best, but oft a spear;
 On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
 Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her: thought repell'd
 Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
 Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
 And when kind fortune with thy lover smiled!
 And when high-flavour'd thy fresh opening joys!
 And when blind man pronounced thy bliss complete!
 And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept!
 Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still,
 Strangers to kindness wept; their eyes let fall
 Inhuman tears, strange tears that trickled down
 From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
 A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
 In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd:
 While nature melted, superstition raved;
 That mourn'd the dead,—and this denied a grave.
 Their sighs incensed, sighs foreign to the will!
 Their will the tiger suck'd, out-raged the storm:
 For, oh the cursed ungodliness of zeal!
 While sinful flesh relented, spirit nursed

In blind infallibility's embrace,
 The sainted spirit petrified the breast,
 Denied the charity of dust to spread
 O'er dust!—a charity their dogs enjoy.
 What could I do? what succour? what resource?
 With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;
 With impious piety that grave I wrong'd:
 Short in my duty, coward in my grief,
 More like her murderer than friend, I crept
 With soft-suspended step; and, muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh:
 I whisper'd what should echo through their realms:
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
 Presumptuous fear! how durst I dread her foes,
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
 Pardon necessity, blest shade! of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
 Half-execration mingled with my prayer,
 Kindled at man, while I his GOD adored;
 Sore grudged the savage land her sacred dust;
 Stamped the cursed soil; and, with humanity,
 Denied NARCISSA, wish'd them all a grave.
 Glows my resentment into guilt? what guilt
 Can equal violations of the dead?
 The dead how sacred! sacred is the dust
 Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine!
 This heaven-assumed majestic robe of earth
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and clothed the sun in gold.
 When every passion sleeps that can offend;